

## A Happy Home

IS MADE COMPLETE WITH THE RIGHT SORT OF DOMESTIC HELP. A "WANT" AD. IN THE COLUMNS OF THE JOURNAL WILL SUPPLY THE RIGHT SORT OF HELP.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

# THE JOURNAL.

MONDAY, MAY 4, 1896.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

## Many Returns

COME TO ADVERTISERS WHO USE THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING COLUMNS OF THE JOURNAL, WHICH PROVES THAT THE "WANTS" ARE READ EVERY DAY BY MANY PEOPLE.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

## CLOUDS SCOWLED AT THE BLOOMER GIRL.

The Rains Descended and Her Attire Was Not Beautiful to Look Upon.

Therefore the Pedalling of the Fair Sunday Cycler Was a Mockery of Happiness.

OLD SOL WHOLLY IGNORED HER.

Falling to Equal Her Usual Knickerbocker Sister, She Sadly Left the Boulevard, and the Clothesline Now Wears Them.

The bloomer girl was not much in evidence along the Boulevard yesterday. Whenever she did appear, she looked as though the bloomers had been washed and put on before they were dry. They clung to her like a coat of paint.

The girl whose delight it is to affect the knickerbocker style of bloomer with golf stockings, is decidedly a fair weather cycler. Yesterday she was absent on account of the rain, and her half sister, with the divided skirt and the baggy French pantaloons, cut off at the knee, took her place and occupied the attention of the crowd that braved the weather to look at the weekly parade. In the absence of Miss Knickerbocker, she was mistaken by those who did not know to be the real thing.

The desire to wear bloomers seems to be on the increase, and twice as many bloomer girls were out yesterday as there were on any such Sunday a year ago. Age, weight or color, or previous condition is no bar to the woman desiring to wear bloomers. Grandma, if she is able to ride a bike, has as much right to sport a pair of good wide, baggy-at-the-knee bloomers as her granddaughter, and she does.

THEN THE THIN GIRL.

There were several out yesterday, and some, with well-fitting bloomers, not so old. One, with a derby hat and a tailor-made outfit, looked like "The Thin Dutchess." Maggie Cline, hampered down to about 5 feet 4 inches.

Behind the fat lady on the Boulevard rode the thin girl in bloomers. The thin girl is afraid of knickerbockers; she knows they are not popular on a girl weighing eighty-seven pounds and standing five feet ten in her stocking feet; but she defies the people on the sidewalk to guess her weight in bloomers.

The thin girl was out yesterday in force and divided honors with the fat lady. She wheeled up Riverside drive and when the rain drove her into the shelter of the various sheds erected for cyclists, she posed. The fat lady didn't afford to pose, and the thin girl was supreme.

The sporty girl is a distinct type. Sunday is the day for her. She wears a jersey that fits like a glove, a cap, a Fedora hat or a sailor of straw, that perches on one side of her head, and she looks pretty and rakish. There is nothing wicked in her appearance, but she has modelled herself after the ideals set by artists, who make wash drawings of the girl in the Adirondacks, while working on the top floor of a building with a northern light. She is a picture at times, but often offends it.

SPECTATORS WERE CRITICAL.

Several times yesterday she was very much overdone, with her alpine hat, tailor-made long walking coat, bloomers and leggings of leather. Wherever she had copied the drawings accurately, and the colors in the costume harmonized, she attracted attention, and was in favor; but whenever she was out of drawing and her clothes failed to fit, or her idea of color showed bad taste, the fact that she had a pretty face did not save her from the uncomplimentary remarks of the crowd.

The girl who smokes cigarettes also rides a bike. She, however, exists only in isolated cases and not as a class. She doesn't smoke on the wheel, and doesn't parade her accomplishment along the Boulevard. When the rain was heaviest yesterday two tired out, chic looking girls, one with a sailor hat and a fetching costume, leaned against a tree near the Grant monument. There wasn't anybody in sight and nothing going by except an occasional cab. One of the girls searched her pockets and drew out a match and pack of cigarettes. They were not choice cigarettes, with monograms on them, but simply a plain, every-day, ten-for-five-cent brand. The other girl looked down the drive and nobody was in sight.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

The girl who was anxious for a smoke tried to light the match and failed. She tried another. The tree was wet and so was her clothing. She finally secured a light by striking it on the under side of the blue saddle. She took a few puffs, when a crowd of cyclists suddenly swarmed around a curve and caught her, red handed. They laughed, and the girl, with an exclamation of mingled surprise and vexation, threw the cigarette away.

When the showers had continued some time and by their frequency showed that the rain had come to stay, the fair cyclists made for home and for the places around Central Park, where they had rented wheels. To-day if the weather is fine many clothes lines in New York will show pairs of bloomers hung out to dry.

Tipsy on a Bicycle.

August C. Buck, twenty-four years old, of No. 233 West Fifty-eighth street, was fined \$4 in the Yorkville Court yesterday for riding a wheel on the Western Boulevard on Saturday night while intoxicated. Policeman Kelsey, of the West Forty-seventh Street Station, noticing the young man's condition, advised him to walk home, but as he insisted on riding, the officer arrested him.

Died from the Electric Shock.

The body of Lawrence Farley, the electric light trimmer, who was killed at the Bowers and Broome street, Saturday night while cleaning an electric light, was removed to his late home, No. 545 West Forty-sixth street, yesterday. The autopsy showed that Farley had been shocked to death and that the entire voltage on the lower circuit had passed through his body, killing him instantly.



THE FAT AND THE THIN, LIKEWISE THE CIGARETTE MAIDEN, RODE WHEELS BETWEEN SHOWERS.

## HIS HONEYMOON ENDS IN A PRISON CELL.

Albert Oswald Locked Up for Eloping with and Marrying Johanna Silver.

He Says She Is Eighteen Years Old, but Her Uncle Says She Is Only Fourteen.

ROMANCE OF LIFE ON THE EAST SIDE.

Meeting Many Months Ago, the Young Couple Fall in Love and Wait Their Chance to Face the World Together.

Charles Barnett, who keeps a saloon at Jefferson and Henry streets, is a keen student of human nature, and it did not take him long to discover that Albert Oswald was in love with his niece, Johanna Silver. She is one of the prettiest girls in the neighborhood—bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked and with a gift of repartee peculiar to the East Side. That any one should love Johanna did not excite "Uncle Charles's" wonder.

Nor was Oswald to be entirely despised as a suitor. He is a young man of ability. True, his accomplishment lay in skillfully knocking pool balls into the pockets of Bowers tables and thereby bringing money into his pockets. When her uncle diplomatically sought to disparage the Bowers pool player Johanna was quick to his defense.

This happened a year and a half ago and about a week after Oswald declared that he loved Johanna. Oswald declares that the suitors kept told him that she was sixteen and one-half years old. It was Johanna's age she must now be eighteen. Her suitors thus calculated when he eloped with her on Wednesday night last.

When Barnett found that Johanna had gone he informed the police that Johanna was only fourteen years old, and that Oswald, who was eight years her senior, had abducted her. The next day "Uncle Charles" learned that the couple had been seen on a ferryboat going to Jersey City.

Oswald is known the length of the Bowery, and Policeman Curry, of the Eldridge Street Station, saw him and Johanna on Grand street at 10 o'clock Saturday night. They were promptly arrested. One night of their honeymoon was spent in prison. The police would not even let Johanna kiss the bridegroom at parting.

They were arraigned in Essex Market Court yesterday, he charged with abduction, and she, with being a wayward child. Johanna, in truth, did not look much older than fourteen, but she was as self-possessed as a woman of thirty.

"Well, what have you got to say?" asked

Magistrate Crane, looking quizzically at her.

"This man," replied Johanna, with a wave of her hand, "is my husband, and you can't do anything to him. I went away with him because I loved him"—and her voice softened. "He has done no wrong."

Oswald proudly produced a certificate showing that he and Johanna were married on April 29 by the Rev. P. B. F. Randolph, at the house of Mr. Force, on Park avenue, Jersey City. The Magistrate said there was a doubt as to his jurisdiction in the matter. Oswald said he believed his bride was eighteen years old.

"I used to see her come in to her uncle's place," he explained, "and I got 'stuck' on her. Wednesday night we decided to get together. I waited in front of her home at No. 130 East Broadway. Her uncle wasn't about. She came downstairs and we went over to Jersey City. We struck the first church we met, and found a minister, who married us."

"I tell you, Judge," continued the bridegroom, "this whole thing is brought against me for spite. I work in the Windsor pool room, and there is a lot of people sore on me because I wouldn't allow them to play pool and catch 'suckers.'"

Johanna was set free and went to Jersey City, where she lives with Oswald's sister. Acting Captain Hogan wants to get more evidence against Oswald, and he was held in \$500 for further examination.

TOO COLD FOR HAIR CUTS.

Children Could Have Had Them Free in Park Place, but There Were Few Applications.

Free haircuts to poor children were offered by the Italian proprietor of a barber shop in Park place yesterday. He was on hand early with three assistants, but there were not more than twenty applicants all day. He attributes the failure of the scheme to its not being hot enough and will try again in July. The best customer of this barber had agreed to bear the cost of the haircutting for three Sundays.

"Long hair is the worst of hot weather horrors," this customer had remarked.

When the barbers came yesterday they found one woman waiting with her ten-year-old son. She was respectable looking and it was with some reluctance that she admitted that she was poor enough to want to have twenty-five cents on her boy's haircut. The clippers had bared the boy's scalp in a minute or two.

Presently a little girl came in, accompanied by her older brother. She had a luxuriant growth of long blond locks, and the barber did not use the clippers upon them, but left three or four inches, just enough to curl nicely.

Then three or four boys came at once, but after the first hour only two or three came.

Child Hurt by a Horse Car.

A horse car of the Second avenue line, with John Kelly, of No. 1802 Second avenue, as driver, knocked down William Steinfield, six years old, of No. 221 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, yesterday morning, while the child was playing in the street. A wheel struck the child's ankle and broke it. Kelly was arrested.

## TWO MILLION PINT BOTTLES ARE NEEDED.

Beer Brewers Eager to Boom a Big Family Trade When Small Saloons Close.

Their Plans Are Blocked Because the Bottle Factories Cannot Fill the Orders.

ONE MORE OF THE RAINES SNAGS.

The Bottle Makers Cannot Now, Nor Can They for Six Months, Supply Even Ten Per Cent of the Demand.

It seems as though the difficulties which have beset the brewers of lager beer since the passing of the Raines bill are without end. Plans had been laid by many of the large brewers, who had established only a moderate sale for their output in bottles, by which this branch was to be materially enlarged, thereby taking the beer direct from the breweries to the families. It was felt that if beer could be distributed in bottles at a reasonable price throughout the city and suburbs the threatened loss of trade caused by the closing of upward of 4,000 saloons in the Greater New York district would not be so serious as was at first feared.

Orders for vast quantities of pint bottles were poured in upon the local manufacturers and also upon the resident agents of out-of-town glass factories, with the imperative direction that immediate delivery of the goods was required. Very much to the surprise of the brewers, they received by return mail notices to the effect that the stock of new bottles on hand in the possession of the manufacturers and of the selling agents was so small that the orders could not be filled for months to come. One millionaire brewer of the upper East Side, who gave an order for 2,500 gross of pint bottles a fortnight ago received 150 gross and advised that the remainder of the order could not be delivered before the latter part of next September. Isaac Danenberg, president of the Brewers' Association of New York City, said yesterday:

"This problem of how to secure distributing channels for the millions of barrels of beer which are brewed by the members of our association has become an extremely difficult one since the Raines law has been put into effect. We thought that the really enormous demand for lager beer which comes from families, especially for Sunday supply, could be met by an enlargement of the bottling branch of the business. Now, however, it appears that the bottles cannot be obtained in time for use in the coming summer. It requires two gross of pint bottles to hold a barrel of beer, and as, under present conditions, half a million barrels of beer could readily be sold in bottles in this city and vicinity within the next half year, it can readily be seen that the inability to obtain the needed number of bottles will cause the brewers and the would-be consumers of the beer much hardship."

In previous summers there has been a fierce competition between bottlers of lager beer to secure customers, and, as a consequence, boxes containing twenty-four pint bottles of beer have been sold to families at as low as 70 cents per box, although the standard price was 90 cents per box. Some of the bottlers are considering the wisdom of advancing the price even beyond the highest charged in recent years. A few years ago a law was passed for the protection of bottlers who had their names blown in bottles. It imposed a fine and imprisonment on persons who used without consent bottles bearing the names of others. Now all the bottlers use bottles which bear their trademarks.

The beer drinking public have heretofore shown a preference for the brown fluid when it was in bottles having patent stoppers over those of advancing the price even beyond the highest charged in recent years. A few years ago a law was passed for the protection of bottlers who had their names blown in bottles. It imposed a fine and imprisonment on persons who used without consent bottles bearing the names of others. Now all the bottlers use bottles which bear their trademarks.

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Will Fight the Rubber Trust.

Providence, R. I., May 3.—Ex-President Banigan, of the United States Rubber Company, is to fight the Trust. A new plant costing upward of a million dollars will be erected in East Providence, where it will be exempt from taxes. The plans have been prepared and with modern machinery the new factory can produce one-quarter of the rubber boot and shoe goods in the country. About 1,000 operatives will be employed.

## QUAN NAM ON THE TRAIL.

Shows His Ability as a Detective by Discarding All Recognized Rules and Using Some of His Own.

While it may be true that it takes a Chinaman to catch a Chinaman Quan Yick Nam did not succeed in capturing Hop Lee yesterday. Hop is the laundryman on the Bowery who left his patrons and creditors in the lurch Saturday, and Quan is the Mongolian, who aspires to be a member of the police force.

Quan has been practicing for a detective some time, but this is the first case he has had that gave him a chance to sleuth in his own way. When ordinary detectives start out to catch a man they first get a picture or description of the individual. This preliminary was discarded as useless by Quan Yick Nam. All he wanted was the name of the laundryman, Hop Lee.

There are forty or more Hop Lees in Chinatown, but that did not discourage the would-be detective in the least. Instead of looking for Hop's relatives, the Hop family is a large one, and there was no trouble in finding a man of importance in it. This man was told to produce Hop Lee at once or have his gambling house raided. It is confidently expected that this will discover the fugitive. It is the way it is done in China.

The police officers on the beat were astounded at the way Quan went about detective work.

"Why don't you look for him? Why don't you see if he is hiding in the cellars or passages?"

Quan shrugged his shoulders expressively and answered briefly: "Me no look. Him kill me."

The patrons of the laundryman have given up their search for their missing laundry. For all that they can learn the earth may have opened and swallowed Hop and all relations on the Hop family to prove the contrary.

## LOIE FULLER MUST REST.

Exhausted by Her Recent Western Tour, She Will Go into the Country and Recuperate.

The physical condition of Loie Fuller, the dancer, is such that her friends are much worried, and at last the young woman herself has been made to realize that she is in imperative need of a long rest. Miss Fuller's recent six weeks' tour in the West was too much for her, and she is now in a state bordering on nervous prostration.

On her Western tour she played chiefly one-night stands in cities far apart and was able to get little rest in the sleeping cars. Her friends have now persuaded her to take a long rest, and she will go into the country, though she has not decided where. She has a flattering offer for eight performances in San Francisco, one in Denver, one in Los Angeles, and one in Salt Lake City, beginning May 11, and she has not yet decided whether her health will permit her to accept.

## TWO BOYS BITTEN BY DOGS

Try to Pet Strange Animals and Receive Slight Flesh Wounds.

While playing in front of his residence, No. 39 Delancey street, yesterday afternoon Moses Wallace, seven years old, stopped to pet a large Newfoundland dog. The dog bit him on the right leg. He was taken to Gouverneur Hospital, where the wound was cauterized.

A small dog bit James Alters, nine years old, in front of his home, No. 95 Christie street, yesterday afternoon. A small wound on his left hand was cauterized by an ambulance surgeon from Gouverneur Hospital. The dog was shot.

## HOLLAND DAMES ARE OUT OF HARMONY.

Miss Dempsey Says She Originated the Society and Was Then Excluded.

She Has Now Formed the Society of Burghers and Burgesses of New Amsterdam.

FRIENDS MAY LEAVE THE FIRST.

Dames Divide into Factions, and a Disruption Is Probable by Which the New Organization Will Profit.

There are internal dissensions in the ranks of the Holland Dames which threaten to lead to an open disruption. These were caused by the fact that Miss Dempsey, who claims as her own the idea of forming the society, has been entirely ignored since the organization was perfected and is not now even a member.

As a result Miss Dempsey has turned her efforts toward forming another society along the same line, and it has already been incorporated under the name of the Society of Burghers and Burgesses of New Amsterdam. The incorporators are Hamilton Earl Van Dorn, Mrs. J. Hendrick Van Blarcom, Lavinia H. Dempsey, Miss Jessie T. Bogle and John Ald Dempsey. The Holland Dames Society was incorporated in January, but it looks as if there will be a faction of the Dames who will forsake that organization for the new one.

The Society of Holland Dames is composed of those women who are descendants of the old Dutch families who first set foot on Manhattan Island, and is organized on lines similar to those of the Holland Society, which is composed entirely of men. Miss Dempsey insists that the idea for such an organization was entirely her own, and that she had the papers drawn which now govern the Dames.

"It had been my idea for years to consummate such an association," she said yesterday. "And I had the papers drawn in October. I told Mrs. Alexander C. Chenoweth, of No. 41 East Fifty-ninth street, about my plan, and she agreed immediately to help me. She took the papers, but it was six weeks before they were returned to me, and Mrs. Chenoweth stated in a note that she had decided to have nothing to do with the matter, as her husband objected."

"The next I heard of it then was when the Holland Dames was incorporated, the signers being Mrs. Chenoweth, Mrs. William Budd, Mrs. Gilson, Mrs. Benson and Miss Mary Van Buren Vanderpoel. They even went so far as to use the insignia I had designed, but I was not a member of the society at all."

"Then I began work on the new society, and I have several friends in the Dames who may join it."

There will be a meeting of the Burghers and Burgesses in a few days, at which time several names will be proposed for membership. Miss Dempsey has devised another insignia, with the motto, "Wijstlicht en Grootsoch Ryk"—or, in English, "We founded an Empire State." Miss Gertrude V. Cortlandt Hamilton has been invited to be the first burgomistress.

In the meantime the Dames, through their attorney, Walter D. Edmonds, have admitted that they took the name and insignia designed by Miss Dempsey. As to why she was not admitted to the society there is a decided reluctance.

## CLUB SUPERIOR TO PISTOL.

Cowboy with Drawn "Gun" Surrenders at Sight of Policeman Jose's Nightstick.

John Craig, who says he is a Texas cowboy, and that he came here to see the sights, staggered up to Policeman Jose, of the East Thirty-fifth Street Station, at Third avenue and Thirty-eighth street, on Saturday night and invited him to drink.

When the officer politely declined, he drew a ten-inch horse pistol and asked the policeman that didn't make him change his mind. The officer displayed his night stick, and the night stick won.

In Yorkville Court yesterday Craig was fined \$5 for intoxication and \$5 for carrying a pistol.

## STAR MUSICIANS IN ONE BIG ORCHESTRA.

Seidl, Damrosch and Theodore Thomas to Be Temporarily Eclipsed.

A Phenomenal Organization Which Is Being Formed Here for the National Sangerfest.

THE FEST WILL BE IN PITTSBURG.

New York to Have the Honor of Furnishing the Orchestral Leader and Most of the Musicians—A Chorus of 3,000 Voices.

The rehearsals of one of the grandest symphony orchestras that was ever brought together in this country will begin in three weeks, either in the Liederkreis Club house or in Chickering Hall. The musicians will include nearly every well known instrumentalists in New York. The rehearsals of this combination of artists is preparatory to accompanying some of the world's greatest artists in ensemble numbers. Besides accompanying the constellation, this orchestra is to play for a chorus of 3,000 voices, which will participate in what is to be probably the greatest musical event of the decade—the Twenty-eighth National Sangerfest.

While the coming National Sangerfest is to be held in Pittsburgh, so far as its artists are concerned it is a New York affair. The fest director is of New York, the great orchestra is being organized here and all the soloists will be drawn from the metropolitan area. Henry Zoellner, the fest director, has just returned from a conference with the Musical Committee of the fest, and it was decided that the organization of the big orchestra should be completed as soon as possible, and rehearsals begun.

The National Sangerfest will begin in Pittsburgh on June 8. Director Zoellner has been assisted in organizing the orchestra by Professor Bayreuth, who is the orchestra manager, and Professor Arnold, the concert master of the Philharmonic Society. These gentlemen will conduct the rehearsals of the orchestra. All of the orchestral players have not yet been engaged, as only the very best will be taken. The orchestra will number about one hundred. It will give two symphony concerts in Pittsburgh, and will take part in three other concerts with the soloists and chorus. The chorus will be the largest ever brought together in this country.

NO TIME TO GO TO ST. LOUIS.

Director Zoellner yesterday received a telegram from St. Louis asking him to come there to conduct a rehearsal of fourteen St. Louis societies, previous to the national Sangerfest. He is so busy with the New York preparations that he was obliged to decline. He recommended that Professor John A. Vogel, who is now conducting rehearsals in Pittsburgh, be invited in his stead. Professor Vogel and Professor Carl Ahl, of Pittsburgh, are to assist Director Zoellner in leading the fest.

A number of prominent musical organizations of New York are anxious for Director Zoellner to arrange for the great orchestra to give a series of public concerts previous to the National Sangerfest. The numbers for the orchestra alone have been arranged as follows: "Salsomarsch," "Meister-singer" and "Siegfried's Tod," by Wagner; "Verkaufte Braut," by Smetana; Symphony No. 5, by Tschalkowsky; "Hakoori," by Berlioz; "Carnaval," by Dvorak, and "Fest Overture," by Ruck.

WHO THE SOLOISTS ARE TO BE.

The New York constellation that will appear at the National Sangerfest will include Frau Katharin Lohse-Klafsky, who will sing "Ocean, Thou Mighty Mountain," by Weber; the closing scene from "Tristram and Isolde," "O, Saved! Halls, I Greet Thee," from Tannhauser, and the closing scene from the "Goetterdaemmerung." Conrad Behrens, basso, will render "In These Sacred Halls," from "The Magic Flute," by Mozart; Carl Naesser, tenor, will sing the prize song from "The Meister-singer"; Emil Senger, basso, will sing "Thieling der Erd," by Haydn; Lilian Blauvelt, soprano, will sing selections from one of Verdi's operas. Gertrude May Stein, contralto, has not yet decided upon her numbers. With Klafsky, Blauvelt, Stein, Behrens, Fischer and Senger as stars, ensemble numbers will be rendered such as have never before been heard in this country. There will be duos, trios and quartets by these artists. The quintets from "The Meister-singer" will be rendered. It will be the first time that these vocalists have sung together. Frau Klafsky will take the solo parts in "Die Neue Welt," by Zoellner, and Emil Fischer and Carl Naesser will sing solo parts in "The Netherland Folk Songs," which will be rendered by the great chorus.

The rehearsals of the orchestra will be held every day when they have once been commenced. Director Zoellner says he has postponed the rehearsals, so as to bring the heavy work as close as possible to the time when the musicians' winter contracts begin to expire.

## VARIETY ACTRESS HIS RUIN.

Bookkeeper Joseph Hoexter, of Good Family, Held for Embezzlement.

Joseph Hoexter, a bookkeeper in the employ of Charles Rosenberg & Co., hosiery dealers, No. 392 Broadway, was in the Centre Street Police Court yesterday, charged by his employers with embezzlement.

Mr. Rosenberg said in court the man had been in his employ about a year, and during that time had, by a series of fictitious entries, robbed him. He had made the discovery by accident, and charged him with the offence, when he broke down and confessed that he had been stealing small amounts for some months. Mr. Rosenberg thought the total would be thousands of dollars.

Hoexter is about thirty years old, and lives on East Fifth street. When arraigned, he said he had taken some small sums, but he could not remember exactly how much. He was remanded for examination Tuesday. The prisoner comes from a good Berlin family, and a short time ago it is claimed, became infatuated with a variety actress to whom he gave many presents.



Mrs. Albert Oswald, Whose Honeymoon Was Interrupted.

Johanna Silver ran away to New Jersey and was married to a noted Bowery pool player. Her uncle, Charles Barnett, had her husband arrested for abducting her. The uncle says Johanna is only fourteen years old. Her husband says she is eighteen.



Henry Zoellner, Director of the National Sangerfest.

This well-known New York musician is gathering an orchestra of one hundred musicians for the twenty-eighth National Sangerfest, to be held in Pittsburgh next month. It is expected to excel any organization of instrumentalists ever perfected in America. In addition to the orchestra he will have the leadership of a chorus of 3,000 voices.